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FOX FAMILY NEWS

VOL. 6 1917

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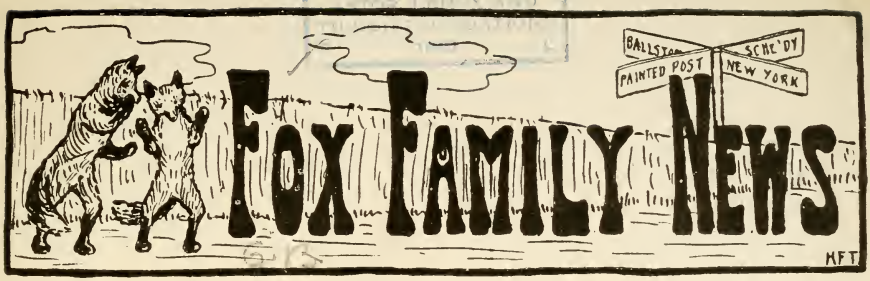


VOL. VI JANUARY, 1917 No. 1

Memorial Sketch of Captain Charles J. Fox.

Issued by Military Order of Loyal Legion of the United States. Commandery of the State of Michigan

Detroit, Mich. Jan. 20, 1904.

Companions:

On the 29th day of November last Companion Charles J. Fox, of this Commandery, was suddenly called from his earthly labors to a far better inheritance in the world to come. He entered the service of his country July 29th, 1862 as First Lieutenant in the 107th N. Y. Infty, was made Captain May 10th, 1863, and commissioned as Major of the same regiment Sept. 27th, 1864, but could not muster as Major on account of the depletion of the regiment. Was honorably discharged with his regiment at the close of the war, June 5th 1865.

His regiment served in the famous "Red Star Division" of the 12th and 20th corps and fought in every engagement in which that peerless division flashed its red star, and it is glory enough to say that Companion Fox was with and fought with his command in every one of those engagements. He was elected into the Order through the Commandery of the State of Michigan, April 2nd, 1891.

His insignia was No. 8,712

Major Charles James Fox died November 29th, 1903, at the Phelps Sanitorium, Battle Creek, Mich. His death was sudden, but quiet and peaceful. He was found dead on Monday morning by a friend who had spent the previous evening with him and had left him in excellent spirits and apparently good health. He found him just as he had left him—sitting in a rocking chair, his legs crossed and his head lying back over the chair as if asleep, and with his open watch in his hand. Death was evidently the result of heart failure. He had been spending much of his time at the Sanitorium during the past year, not as a patient but as a guest of the hotel.

He was born April 9, 1842, in Ballston Spa, the fifth child of Rev. Norman and Jane Freeman Fox. He was graduated at Union College in the class of 1861, and in the following year entered the army, having received a commission as first lieutenant in the 107th Regiment New York Volunteers. The young lieutenant, then twenty years old, was assigned to Company C. of which his brother William was captain, and in the course of his service was promoted successively to captain and major in the same regiment. He was present with his command in every battle and skirmish of the Red Star Division of the corps known as the 12th corps in the Army of the Potomac and subsequently as the 20th in Sherman's Army, at Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Resaca, New Hope Church, Peach Tree Creek, Siege of Atlanta, the

March to the Sea, Siege of Savannah, the Carolinas, Averysboro and Bentonville, and he rode in the Grand Review at Washington at the close of the war.

Having been mustered out of service in June, 1865, he engaged in the lumber business at Painted Post, N. Y., becoming a partner in the old established firm of Fox, Weston & Co. He was married in 1865 to Miss Louise O. Wright, of Schenectady, N. Y. a daughter of Hon. John C. Wright, Judge of the Supreme Court, and formerly Comptroller of the State.

In 1886 Major Fox was appointed by Governor Hill a trustee of the State Soldier's Home at Bath, N. Y. an honorary but responsible position.

He resided at Painted Post until the firm of Fox, Weston & Co. closed out its interests there, and transferred its business to the Northern Peninsula of Michigan, whereupon he moved his residence, in 1891, to Detroit. In 1898 he was elected Secretary of the Chicago Lumbering Company, whose mills, offices, stores and other properties are located at Manistique. His oldest brother, Mr. Alanson J. Fox, who died recently in Detroit, was president of the company.

Major Fox was one of five brothers, four of whom served in the civil war,—Rev. Norman Fox, D. D. Chaplain 77th N. Y.; Colonel William F. Fox, 107th N. Y. author of "Regimental Losses in the Civil War," and "New York at Gettysburg"; Major Charles J. Fox, 107th. N. Y. and Dr. George H. Fox, 77th N. Y. He is survived by these three brothers, and a sister, Mrs. R. S. MacArthur, of New York City. In his immediate family he leaves a wife, four sons and one daughter.

The Corning Democrat, a newspaper published in the country where his regiment was raised, in speaking of Major Fox's brilliant record in the war, says:

"During the three years of that regiment's arduous service he was always with them, never missing a battle or skirmish in which they were engaged. Their heavy losses made promotion rapid, and before he was twenty two years old the young lieutenant became major of the regiment."

During Sherman's march from Atlanta to the Sea, the illness of his superior officers placed the command of the regiment in his hands, and when, by order of General Slocum the 107th took possession of Milledgeville, the capitol of Georgia, Major Fox was in command with headquarters in the State House. For the skillful manner in which the regiment was handled during the brilliant campaign he received high commendations from his brigade and division commanders. There were few men of his age in the volunteer service who made such a record for coolness and steadiness in the time of action, or for constant unremitting care of the interests and comforts of those who served under him. A classmate of his at Union and again his comrade in William's "Red Star Division" pays high tribute to his career as student, soldier and citizen. He was an ideal soldier and officer, combining with manly courage all the kindly traits of a gentleman.

Sam'l E. Pitman,
Bvt. Lieut. Col. U. S. Vols.
George Robinson, U. S. A.
Chaplain 1st. U. S. Infty.
F. W. Swift,
Bvt. Brig. Gen'l U. S. Vols.
Committee.

By order of

Lieut. John S. Conant,
Commander.
Bvt. Brig.-Gen. F. W. Swift,
Recorder.

FOX FAMILY NEWS

The recognized organ of the Society of the Descendants of Norman Fox. Published every two months. Editor, Howard Fox, 616 Madison Avenue, New York. Subscription $1.00 per year.

Editorial

In commencing the sixth volume of our little paper, the editor again thanks his family and friends for their interest and support. The idea of publishing something like the FOX FAMILY NEWS was in the editor's mind for many years, but was not carried out until after a talk with a cousin in Colorado who was extremely enthusiastic. For a few months Rev. Kenneth C. MacArthur acted as editor while the present incumbent took charge of the publication and business management. Since that time the latter has had the pleasurable task of editing and publishing the paper. Our policy has been to speak of the various relatives by their first names and always from the standpoint of the generation to which the editor belonged. While we have been flattered by numerous requests from libraries and historical societies for files of our paper, we do not take ourselves too seriously. On the other hand we do not consider our paper a substitute for humerous literature such as Puck or Judge. We have disseminated family news as far as possible, but we consider it fully as important to print facts of genealogical and biographical interest forming a family record, which we hope may be of lasting value.

Captain Charles J. Fox

By 1st Lt. Irving Bronson,
Co. C. 107th N. Y. V

Charles J. Fox was mustered in as 1st. Lt. Co. C. 107th N. Y. V. at Elmira, Aug. 13, 1862. There was nothing of importance that took place on our trip to Washington. The first morning in Camp at Arlington Heights, an army wagon dumped a load of soft bread in a good shady spot. It was for the regiment, but Charley took a look and turned up his nose, saying to me "There is a house over there that looks inviting, let's go and get breakfast." Well, neither of us got there. The Captain had his eye on us and ordered us back saying that if we were hungry, there was a lot of bread and what was good enough for the men was good enough for us. Charley argued and talked and finally addressed the Captain as "Billy". William read the Articles of War right then and made us understand that no familiarity would be allowed. Charley nearly exploded, but when we could not see anything of the Captain, we sneaked over to the house and found him there gorging himself. Charley gave him a line of talk about soft bread and how good it was for the men and officers as well and it ended in William paying the checks.

Charley took the business end of the Company affairs and our rolls and reports were always in first class shape. He was in every battle the regiment was in, except Chancellorsville, when he was home for a ten days leave. I was glad that he was not there as it was a tough battle and one in which Capt. William was wounded. I think the most exciting time he ever had was near Marietta, Georgia. It was one of those clear calm, moon-light nights that I never saw anywhere but in the South. We had not had our clothes off for more than a month, marching and fighting every other day. He proposed that we remove our outer garments and sleep like Christians once more. Some time near midnight a six mule team got loose and ran away. They knocked down some stacks of muskets and some of the guns were discharged. A general alarm was sounded and "fall in" was the order. I found myself on hands and knees looking out of the tent and shouting to Co. C. to fall in. I

struggled with my clothes and finally turned out fully dressed. Not so with Charley. There was some sort of an acrobatic performance going on in that tent and language came out in the night air such as I had never heard before. It was not of a profane nature unless it was of some European brand. It was always his custom to pull on his boots before his pants and on this occasion he got each of his boots turned so his toes were in the heels and pulled off all his boot straps.

While in Atlanta, the troops were hard up for food, as the enemy had torn up the railroad back of us. Charles took all the cash that the two of us could scrape together, about $4.50 I think, and started out to buy something nice. When he returned his face had a large smile on it and his hands were full of squash, of which Charles was particularly fond. Now squash was a fruit that I had never had any use for. Perhaps it is best not to repeat just what was said and besides I don't remember exactly.

Charley was the best known and liked of all the officers in our Brigade. I never saw him angry. Whenever the troopers were in camp a Court Martial was always sitting at or near Head Quarters and he was always one of the court.

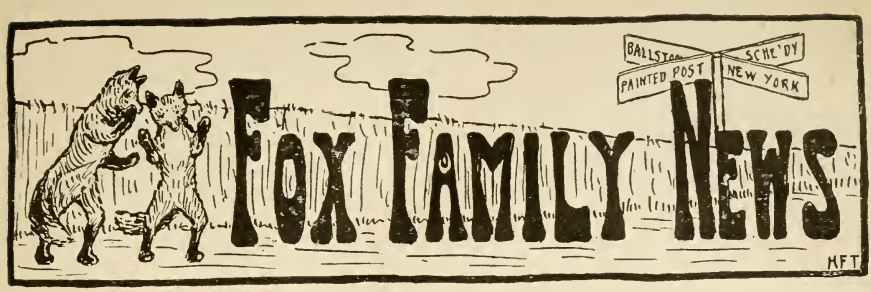
I think that it was in North Carolina that he had as close a call as one would care for. He and our adjutant went out one day with our regimental forage party. They were attacked by a lot of Wheeler's men who were in blue uniforms. He had dismounted and our men had ridden by leaving him in the rear. When the firing started he jumped on his horse. He saw the adjutant coming and also saw three of the enemy trying to head him off. The adjutant was a large, strong man and carried a regulation cavalry sabre. Those three men went down before that sabre and the adjutant, unhurt dashed past. Charley's horse got excited and jumped in a large brush pile. He got out of that and then ran into a tree, losing his saddle bags and breaking his sword off just below the hilt. He had my navy revolver, but had somehow got it buckled on so it was between his body and his belt. He also had on a heavy regulation overcoat. It was raining at the time and he could not get that revolver out. They were chased for a time by three men, but both had good horses and soon distanced the pursuers. The officers in command of that squad of Rebs said that if he had caught either or both he would have hanged them as they were not regularly detailed. Charley was a fine man and one that made and kept friends wherever he went and the "regiment that did not know enough to run" is proud to own him as one of them and to honor his memory.

Family News.

After an absence of six months the soldier boys, Noel, Alanson and Howard Freeman, not forgetting "Billy", have returned from the border. Edgar came home a month ago on furlough on account of an injury to his knee, and Clinton returned with his troop in October.

At a recent banquet of members of the Psi Upsilon Club, the following telegram was sent to Alanson.

> "Your Psi U. brothers in New York celebrating the virtues of the Founders, send heartiest greetings to their Brothers on the Border, who bear honors of the past along the hurrying years. May you all soon return to God's country in happiness and health."



Vol. VI MARCH 1, 1917 No. 2

The Annual Dinner.

The thirteenth Annual Dinner of the Society was held at the Hotel Bonta on the afternoon of January 1, being preceded by the usual business meeting. The President, Uncle George, acted as Toastmaster, saying:

"To-day I feel more than ever that it was a marvelous exhibition of foresight, a veritable stroke of inspiration on the part of Uncle Norman to conceive the idea of this Society and to establish it on such a firm and permanent basis. Is it not true that during the past year Norman in Michigan, Rob in Oklahoma, Bert in Colorado, Stuart in California and the boys down on the Mexican border have all seemed just a little nearer and dearer to us because of our annual family gatherings during the past thirteen years? I want to exhort you of a younger generation to keep up your present enthusiasm over this Society and to allow no other interests to interfere with its welfare. I want you to teach your children as they grow up that membership in this Society is a heritage of which they may be justly proud; that its continued success will depend, not upon the character of its founder or its early members, but upon their devotion and their efforts to maintain its high aims.

"During the past year we have lost but one member. Although Dell, Alan's lovely wife, had been with us but a very short time, she had endeared herself to all, and now, among other sweet memories, we can recall with pleasure the active interest which she took in the reunion of this Society, just one short year ago. Numerically her place is filled by the little boy she left to us, Joseph Carrère Fox. The birth of another boy, George Fox Trowbridge, has increased our membership by one. When he has passed his three-score years and ten I trust that he may be like his grandfather, an honored patriarch of this Society.

"The recent death of the Rev. Dr. James M. Taylor, formerly President of Vassar, demands a passing mention. Although not a member of our Society, he had been a most genial guest on one or two occasions and seemed especially near to those of us who knew him during college years at Rochester and at Poughkeepsie."

Montague then read telegrams of greeting from Cousins Marie and Louise Wait, Rob and Nellie, the Ivins family, George and Gertrude and Ethel. In addition a charming letter from Ethel was read by Aunt Elizabeth.

The Toastmaster next introduced to the Society a newly found cousin, to whom all were glad to extend a hearty welcome This was Mrs. Anna Chesebrough Wildey, author of "The Chesebrough Family," who responded in a few pleasant words.

In introducing the heroes who had just returned from the Mexican border, the Toastmaster said he would follow the custom of the medical consultation and the military court martial and call upon the youngest first.

Edgar responded as follows:

"I trust I may say without offense to you. Uncle George, that I heartily disapprove of the course pursued at meetings of medical men. I had counted on a breathing space of several hours while Bleecker held the fort. It seems to have been taken for granted that I am to be congratulated on having arrived home a month ahead of my fellow troopers by reason of a fur-

lough. The official records state that my ankle and knee were severely twisted by a fall from a hay pile, sustained fortuitously while engaged in unloading hay bales. This is not strictly accurate, but perhaps will have a more military appearance in the records than a recital of the true facts. These may be briefly stated as follows: It was election night and several of us, exuberant over the early returns, had formed an Alpine club in order to properly scale the high peaks of hay piles located at the end of each troop street. It was also full moon and the lunar glory could be better appreciated from these towering summits than elsewhere in camp. And eventually we had a friendly contest to determine which of us could longest remain on top and thus keep his place in the moon. Tightly packed hay forms a slippery surface and this led to a fall on my part and consequent injury. After an examination, the camp medical authorities were in doubt as to whether my ankle was sprained or broken, and so I was sent to two other hospitals in McAllen and Brownsville to have an X-ray photograph taken. Unfortunately, I had to suffer much, for at each hospital there is an inflexible rule denying all incoming patients any sustenance save a meagre liquid diet during the first twenty-four hours of their stay. So you can see that a furlough in such a case as mine, at least, is not entirely velvet. But at any rate, here I am, and very happy to be here."

The Toastmaster then called upon Howard Freeman, who said:

"In arising to this occasion I ought to remark first of all that I consider myself a much better soldier than an after dinner speaker. Yet I feel it my duty, as a potential member of 'Uncle Sam's' army to endeavor to prove to you just how good a soldier I am. In lieu of the fact that Bleecker is to follow me on the program of speakers, and will probably have something of a more serious nature to say, my discourse may be likened to 'Serious and frivolous facts about the great and near great,' omitting the serious and the near-great. So I'll start in with the sergeants, of which there are two present.

While on the border these sergeants have had the privilege of ordering me around. When either of them said 'Trot, Ho!' I had to trot, and when I received the order 'Groom hind and fore legs,' I had to suit action to word, and this is the first chance I have had of getting back at them.

Alanson happened to be a very good friend of Jim Thornton, my corporal, and consequently was a very frequent visitor at my tent. As some of you may have noticed, Alanson is rather fond of cigars, and on the border was a very good sleeper. It often happened that when Alanson came to our tent, Jim was not in, in which case he went to sleep on Jim's cot, and when Jim was in, he usually took a cigar. A practical joker in the tent, who became a little bit annoyed at the constant disappearance of his cigars, decided to cure Alanson of this habit. So on this particular occasion when he came in and started to talk to Jim, he reached behind him for the accustomed cigar (he knew the place without looking) and much to his chagrin found that the cigars had been removed and that the box had been lined with fly paper.

In regard to Bleecker, I might advise you that he has been responsible for the instruction of the 'rookies' in the use of firearms; how to hold them, load, fire and clean them, and particularly what precautions to take to prevent accidents. One day, after a series of manoeuvres in which blank cartridges were used, Bleecker was going down the troop street, gun on shoulder, to the gun rack, with the ostensible purpose of cleaning it, when suddenly a loud report was heard, and troopers came running from all over camp to discover what the fight was about and who had been shot. Nothing was amiss, however; Bleecker had just neglected to unload and had carelessly pulled the trigger. I might add that our other sergeant, Alanson, was guilty of the same negligence on a similar occasion, but did not create the same disturbance, as his piece was fired while still in the rifle boot and so the report was muffled."

Alanson was the next victim and said:

"It is a source of great joy to me to

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be back after an absence of six months and to be here at the annual dinner. While I was in Texas I had the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with my three cousins in Troop A. Howard and Edgar distinguished themselves as members of our troop baseball team, which had a most successful season, Howard pitching two of the games and winning both of them. Noel gave an hour's talk on the army rifle to our troops, as he was our ordnance sergeant, and I can say truthfully that it was the most interesting lecture which I heard on the border. As Howard Freeman has been telling things about his sergeant cousins, I might say something about him, but on second thought I think I will not. There is no doubt that the experience on the border has been of great benefit to all, and my regret is that more young men could not have had it."

Noel spoke in part as follows:

"Since our return from the border we have been trying to pose as war veterans, but it has been rather difficult to get people to accept us as such when we were never under fire and there really wasn't any war anyway. And yet we were in a region where bullet holes in houses showed that there had been fighting and where we had to stand guard with loaded rifles to meet the attack of a possible enemy who never came.

Of the four of us, Howard Freeman was the one who suffered the most injuries during his service. The reason probably was that Howard did not enlist until a week or so after we had been called out and he was one of the last men in the troop to be assigned a horse, and those bought by the government were neither well chosen nor more than half trained. Theoretically, a new man should be given a quiet and well broken horse. But in practice the horses were usually assigned to the first man who applied, with the result that when Howard was ready for a horse the only ones left were those rejected by the other men. I can well remember one day of maneuvers when we saddled before daylight and made a long ride in the early dawn. We happened to turn a sharp corner at a fast gait and one of the horses near the rear of the troop slipped on the turn and went down. A troop column of twos stretches so far down the road that from one end it is difficult to see through the dust what happens at the other end. But cavalrymen on the march have a way of passing a word from one man to another, so that a conversation may be carried on throughout the entire troop. I was carrying the guidon in my usual position just behind the captain at the head of the troop. A man near me asked what had happened, and the question passed back from man to man until the answer returned that 'Dukesy' Freeman's horse had fallen with him again. The next question to be passed back was whether 'Dukesy' had been hurt, and the answer came back that he had broken his leg. At that the captain inquired whether a surgeon was with him, and the reply was that 'Doc Ferry is looking after him.' That was all I was able to find out about him until we had returned to camp, when we were pleased to learn that his leg had not been broken after all.

I regret that I am unable to relate any really thrilling experiences. But that is partly due to the fact that our military service is too recent to have accumulated appropriate traditions. When I was a small boy I enjoyed it immensely whenever my father and any of his brothers got together and began to exchange stories of the Civil War. I could listen by the hour and soon knew by heart the tales they repeated oftenest. But I observed that every time an old story was repeated it became more exciting and included new and thrilling incidents which apparently had been previously forgotten. So, perhaps, when we gather at our annual dinner about twenty-five years hence, Alanson and Howard and Edgar, and I shall be able to thrill you with veracious accounts of the startling adventures and hairbreadth

escapes which we experienced in the Great War on the Rio Grande in 1916."

In conclusion Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur ("Uncle Robert") spoke in part as follows: "This dinner is distinguished from others because we are now giving special honors to the soldier boys who have just returned from the border. This is their day. These brave boys as patriots were in line with their ancestors of several generations. It was not their fault that they did not fight and bleed and die on the field. They were there for any service which their country might require. We are, however, profoundly grateful that they are home again safe, well and strong, and that they acquitted themselves with honor to their country and equally to the Society of the Descendants of Norman Fox."

Before the speaking had ended Mason obtained the floor and volunteered the following information. He said:

"Mr. President, in fairness to Noel it ought to be explained before we break up that the memento of the border which he has brought back on his upper lip is not intended as an adornment, but as a protection in case the Mexicans should resort to modern methods of warfare and attack with poison gas."

The very efficient dinner committee consisted of Montague, the Chairman, ably assisted by Aunt Elizabeth and Alice. The following members and guests were present:

Aunt Cornelia, Aunt Elizabeth, Aunt Annie, Ada, Gertrude, Adaline, Alice, Edith, Bertha, Helen, Uncle Robert, Uncle George, Walter, Charles, Montague, Howard, Noel, Alanson, Alan, Mason, Kenneth, Howard Freeman, Edgar, Mrs. Anna Chesebrough Wildey, Miss Harriet Littlefield, Miss Cornelia Fulton and Miss Cornelia Trowbridge

H F.

Family News.

Cousin Marie has accepted a position on the staff of the Princeton University Library. Her address is No. 33 Van Deventer Avenue, Princeton, N. J.

Four of the eastern relatives have recently taken trips to California. Alice is at present in Honolulu, Adaline and Harry are taking a pleasure trip with Miss Jane Russell, and Miss Elizabeth Hinsdale, and Mason is on a business trip.

Emma Fox
1870—1895

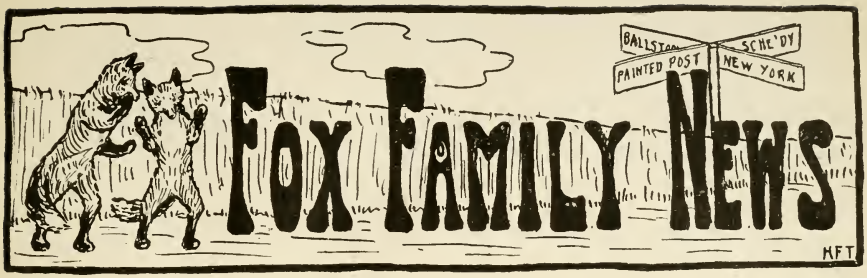
Emma Fox, daughter of William Freeman Fox and Mary Shattuck, was born June 24, 1870, at Oil City, Pa. She was baptized by the Rev. W. T. Henry and became a member of the First Baptist Church. She attended the public schools of that city and later studied at the Delaware Literary Institute in Franklin, N. Y. She completed her education in Albany, N. Y., in which city her death occurred July 3, 1895.

Here is a breezy communication from Mr. Lyman Hedge: "I enclose postal order for one plunk to pay for the F. F. N. I understand that Alanson's shape is the wonder of New York. Hoping that you and the rest of the Fox Family are in good health and spirits."

About ten of the family had the pleasure of attending Clinton and Marguerite's wedding. Hope was the maid of honor and Charles was one of the ushers. The bride and groom have gone to Rochester, N. Y., where they expect to live for the present.

MARRIED: Ivins—Carpenter

Clinton Fox Ivins to Marguerite Carpenter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Osborn Halstead, in Plainfield, N. J., Jan. 18, 1917.



Vol. VI MAY 1, 1917 No. 3

William Chesebrough—A Fox Ancestor.

By Anna Chesebrough Wildey
(Author of "The Chesebrough Family.")

William Chesebrough was born in England 1594 A. D., married by license December 15, 1620 by "the blessed John Cotton" in St. Botolph's church, Boston, Lincolnshire, England, to Anna Stevenson, daughter of Peter (Parish Register of St. Botolphs church) of which both were communicants.

He with his family emigrated to America in 1630 joining the Company of John Winthrop, of whom he was a personal friend and together with others of the Company formed a settlement called The Massachusetts Bay Colony under a charter granted by Charles I, King of England, dated March 4, 1629 "To the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England." In their Settlement which they called Charlestown, they organized a church, which in three months was transferred to Boston. John Winthrop was chosen Governor of the Colony and William Chesebrough was chosen as one of the two deputies to appear at the Court to carry out a plan for a public Treasury and for levying taxes for the support of the Government. Wm. Chesebrough was made a Freeman in 1631, also High Sheriff, assessor of Rates and one of a committee to allot grounds for planting.

In 1638 to obtain more land and pasture, Wm. Chesebrough with others of the Colony removed southward organizing a Settlement which they named Braintree. At the General Court, Wm. Chesebrough was chosen to represent the new municipality and was appointed Commissioner and local Judge.

In two years he joined a Company which settled near the Plymouth Colony. After a few years, the question of Jurisdiction was settled by the majority of the Company to submit itself to the Plymouth Colony rather than the Mass. Bay Colony. This decision was contrary to Wm. Chesebrough's wishes and judgment and soon he and one of his sons started westward along the Coast to find a new place of settlement and coming to Pequot (New London) where John Winthrop Jr., had charge of a new settlement was urged to locate there, but the place didn't suit him and he continued his explorations, making a choice of land on the Wequetequock Cove (Pawtucket) where in 1649 he built his dwelling house and removed with his wife and family.

Here trouble was made for him by unfriendly persons of the Plymouth Colony, of which the General Court of Connecticut issued a warrant for him to account for himself and he refuted all the charges and no evidence was presented against him in consequence of which, the Town voted him

a house-lot within the Pequot Settlement itself and also confirmed his title to 300 acres of land at Wequetequock, which was increased to 2,360 acres. Many acres of that land are still in possession of some of his descendants.

The first man to join him in this new Plantation was Thomas Stanton, the famous Indian interpreter, the next was Walter Palmer, then followed Thomas Miner..

In 1658 the original Settlers and others organized a local government entitled "The Association of Pequatuck People;" the compact of which was drawn up by, and in the hand writing of Wm. Chesebrough, and signed by all the principal planters, pledging them to maintain and defend the peace of the place and Wm. Chesebrough and Captain George Denison were to be 'comytioners' to carry out the contract, and the General Court of the Mass. Colony named the place Southertown. In 1665 that name was changed to Mystic and in 1666 to Stonington.

William Chesebrough's life was closed June 9th, 1667, aged 73 years, and his wife Anna died on the 24th of August, 1673, aged 75 years. They rest in the old cemetery at Wequetequock, a short distance from their dwelling house.

In honor of William Chesebrough, Thomas Stanton, Walter Palmer and Thomas Miner, a new monument was subscribed for and erected in 1899 in the 250th year from the settlement of Stonington, Conn., by William Chesebrough, who was its first settler of English Lineage.

A Trip to Honolulu.

Alice Bleecker Fox.

We left New York, February 1st, the same day that Harry and Adaline started on their trip but as we went on the Pennsylvania railroad bound for New Orleans we did not meet them. Our party consisted of my friend Miss Hadley, her father, and myself. After two days in New Orleans we went directly by the Southern Pacific to Los Angeles. Most of the way the weather was wintry. It was 12° at Atlanta and freezing at New Orleans, but Yuma, said to be the hottest place in the United States lived up to its reputation so far as our trip was concerned. The whole trip out was most interesting and naturally the many military camps attracted much attention. At one place we talked with some of General Pershing's men just back from Mexico and anxious to hear the latest news.

As our trip was primarily to go to Honolulu we only stayed in Southern California long enough to spend three days in Santa Barbara and two in Los Angeles. On account of the war rumors, most of the Eastern people gave up their reservations on our steamer, the Great Northern, but their places were quickly filled by Westerners and we decided to go on as we had planned. At that time, Feb. 12th, there seemed in the Western states little interest in, or expectation of war with Germany.

We sailed from San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles, on Tuesday afternoon and early Sunday morning reached Hilo, the largest port of the Island of Hawaii. It was a beautiful morning and the blue sea and sky, green palm fringed island and snow capped Mauna Kea (13,825 ft. high) was a sight never to be forgotten. We landed in the ships small boats and were soon motoring to see the active volcano of Kilanea (4,800 ft. high). It was a beautiful ride for 20 miles over a fine road splendidly

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graded and we found much to see on the way. It was our first glimpse of Japanese life and the small Japanese villages with the women and children in their oriental dress was most exciting. I was also interested in seeing the big tree ferns and in finding several of our common flowers growing wild. Hawaii is said to be the only island of the Hawaiian group where tree ferns are found.

It is impossible to describe the volcano. By the time we reached the crater the rain was falling in torrents and the immense pit of molten lava, some several miles around was indescribably sinister and horrible. We returned to our steamer in the evening and leaving the island of Hawaii sailed all night reaching the island of Oahu and the city of Honolulu the next morning. Fortunately we had a perfect day to enter Honolulu's beautiful harbor.

For nearly a month we were in Honolulu and even so did not have time to see half the interesting sights. As Honolulu is a very thriving up-to-date American city of 70,000 people we decided to stay out at Waikiki beach three miles from the heart of the city and of course more quiet and suburban. Everything is very American despite the fact that the large majority of the people are Asiatic. The Japanese are far the most numerous and then come about equal numbers of Chinese, Hawaiians, Americans, Portugese, Filipinos, while there are somewhat smaller colonies of Koreans, Porto Ricans and Spaniards. All the races seem to live happily together and the many races make the street life most colorful.

The schools, which are many and excellent were most interesting to me of course, and I visited some fascinating kindergartens and public playgrounds. The mountains are many and beautiful and there were any number of splendid roads for motoring. Of course, we went in bathing at Waikiki beach but did not find that as exciting as some of the other amusements, although it was fun to watch the young men come in on their surf boards or in the out rigger canoes.

Thanks to some friends in the city we were able to meet a number of charming residents and to see a lot of social life. Altogether we had such a good time that we regretted when the time came to sail away, wearing as every one does the beautiful flower wreaths or leis, which are given by friends when one leaves the Island for the "Mainland."

Four and a half days of rough going found us in San Francisco and a day later we started home, making only one two days stop at the Grand Canyon. Unfortunately I did not see any of the Fox clan. The only one I was near was Stuart Freeman and he was out of town the day I was in San Francisco. I shall hope for better luck next time I am West.

BORN—On Maruh 25, 1917, to the Rev. and Mrs. Kenneth C. MacArthur, a son He has been named Robert Stuart MacArthur, 2nd.

BORN—On April 26, 1917, to Mr. and Mrs. Mason Trowbridge, a daughter. She has been named Adaline Trowbridge.

A Trip to California.

Adaline Fox Russell.

On February 1st, Jane Russell, Elizabeth Hinsdale, Harry and I left for a six weeks trip to California. We went out on the Santa Fe stopping at Colorado Springs a few days. We had a fine visit with Bert and Anna and I lost my heart to the "Colonel." He is surely one of the prize children of the Fox Family.

Our next destination was the Grand Canyon. Miss Hinsdale was the only true sport of the party, going down the Bright Angel Trail, but the Canyon is well worth seeing without that frightful ride! In California we first stayed a week in Pasadena, then motored to San Diego for a few days. On our return we met Mason Trowbridge in Los Angeles. He travelled to Santa Barbara with us and later we met him in San Francisco. We also had a pleasant visit with Stuart Freeman in San Francisco.

In Hollywood, near San Francisco, I called on Uncle Robert's sister, a most delightful lady, ten years older than Uncle Robert.

We returned by the Southern Pacific, stopping a couple of days in New Orleans. It was a splendid trip and I wish I could work off all my newly acquired knowledge on the relatives before it is forgotten.

Family News.

Charles' new address in Bethlehem is 119 South High Street.

Noel went to the Inauguration in Washington with Squadron A. and carried the guidon of Troop A. in the parade. He reminds us that Alanson carried the same guidon in the inaugural parade in 1913.

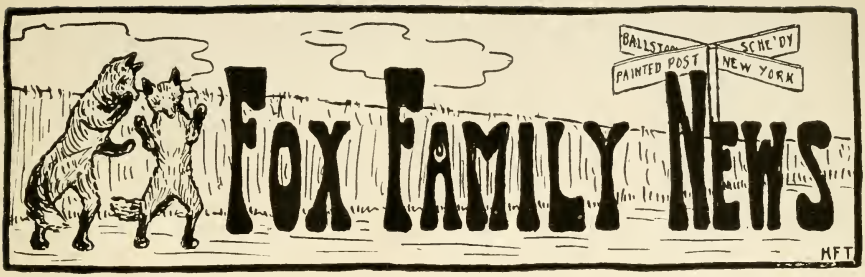
Howard recently attended a meeting in Washington of one of the sub-committees of the Council of National Defence. He has received a commission of Captain in the Medical Section of the Officers Reserve Corps.

The Trowbridge children are now the proud possessors of the famous little burro "Mabel" who was brought from the Mexican border by Squadron A., when it returned from duty. Mabel rode in the parade on one of the trucks and her picture appeared in several of the New York papers. Until lately she has been a bottle fed baby.

Marguerite Carpenter Ivins.

In the last issue we inadvertantly omitted to speak of the death of Col. John J. Carter of Titusville, Pa., on January 3rd. As the brother-in-law of Aunt Harriet he was intimately acquainted with several generations of the family and was a close friend and great admirer of Uncle William.

Kenneth writes that he recently made a speech on "Better Rural Living" at the annual dinner of the Connecticut Dairymen's Association, and delivered a lecture on "The Baptist Heritage in History" at the Church Workers' Conference in New Britain, Conn. He says that he has joined Suffield Grange No. 27, Order of Patrons of Husbandry and also calls our attention to the frequent articles by Mr. Datus Smith (one of our esteemed friends and subscribers) in *The Rural New Yorker.*



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A Few Historical Corrections.

By General Simeon M. Fox.

When in 1890 Colonel William F. Fox published his pamphlet, "Daniel Fox of East Haddam, Ct and His Descendants", he had little more than the memoranda left by his father, Elder Norman Fox, and a few family traditions to go upon. The notes left by Elder Norman Fox are unusually correct, and vary from the later discovered facts in but few minor points. For instance, (page 3) "Daniel Fox had two younger brothers Isaac and John." He certainly had brothers Isaac and John but they are older; he also had brothers, Samuel, Thomas, and Jedediah, Gershom and Gideon; Daniel being the youngest of them all. The statement above was taken almost literally from his father's notes. The words are arranged slightly different in the original, and read:

"Daniel Fox, had two brothers younger Isaac and John"—

The lack of punctuation leaves it possible to construe this sentence as, Daniel Fox had two brothers, younger Isaac, and John; - "younger Isaac" meaning Isaac, Jr., and supplying additional, but unnecessary proof that Daniel Fox was the son of Isaac (3) and Mary (Jones) Fox, of Colchester, Conn.

Elder Norman Fox gathered this data from his uncle Gabriel Ely Fox while the latter was apparently paying him a visit about 1844. It must be borne in mind that Gabriel E. Fox, was the youngest child of Daniel Fox, and was but three years old when in 1779 his father crossed the Connecticut river and moved up to New Canaan, N Y.; he was separated from his uncles, and all he knew of them was from family tradition.

The statement that Hannah Burr, the first wife of Daniel Fox, was "an aunt of Aaron Burr"—derived possibly from family tradition—has no foundation in fact. The following is the line of Hannah Burr as furnished me nearly thirty years ago by the late Dr. D. Williams Patterson, the genealogist that for many years made East Haddam and Lyme, Conn. a study.

Richard Watts of Hartford and Middletown, Conn. Died as early as 1657. ═══ Elizabeth———

Benjamin Burr an original settler of Hartford, Conn. Died March 31, 1681. ═══ Anna— died Aug. 31, 1683.

George Hubbard was of Hartford 1639. ═══ Elizabeth Watts

Samuel Burr — Wife unknown.
Born in England, date unknown. Died Sept. 29, 1682.

Nathaniel Hubbard — Wife unknown.
born at Middletown, Bapt. Dec. 1, 1652.

Jonathan Burr — Abigail Hubbard
Born about 1679 at Hartford. Died at Middletown, Conn. Jan. 1, 1735.

born about 1686; mar. probably about 1707.

Daniel Fox — Hannah Burr
Born in Colchester, Conn. Died in West Stockbridge, Mass. July 28, 1801

Born at Middletown, Conn. Apr. 23, 1723; Died in East Haddam, Aug. 17, 1761.

It can be seen that Hubbard Fox, the son of Daniel, acquired his name from his mother's family. Probably later investigation has brought facts to light that will add much to the above.

As the descendants of Norman Fox are more directly interested in Elizabeth Gates, the second wife of Daniel Fox, I will give her line, procured from the same source.

George Gates — Sarah Olmstead
Daughter of Nicholas and Sarah (Loomis) Olmstead. She died Nov. 7, 1709.

Daniel Gates — Rebecca Dutton

David Gates — Hannah Ackly alias Hungerford
Born June 27, 1709. Died Jan. 16, 1795.

Daniel Fox — Elizabeth Gates
Born in Colchester about 1723. Died in West Stockbridge, Mass., July 28, 1801, "in the 79th year of his age."

Born Jan. 15, 1733-4. Bapt. March 31, 1734, at East Haddam.

There is another point that I am inclined to question. I refer to the military service of Reuben Fox during the revolution. If he did serve, the record is lost—which is very possible. The notes of Elder Norman Fox state as follows:

"The elder Boys were in the war. Ansel was killed at Monmouth—Reuben married and settled in Cornwall, Ct.—Allen and Hubbard continued through Rev. War—Allen and Hubbard were in and at Monmouth when Ansel was killed."

This statement might seem to infer that Reuben had been in the army, but it does not say so directly. The Reuben Fox whose revolutionary record Colonel Fox

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gives on page six, is certainly another Reuben Fox. He was the son of Jesse (4) Fox (Benjamin 3, John 2) of New London, born Nov. 18, 1762. I have followed his record through the United States Pension Office at Washington. After the war he removed to New Jersey, thence to Northumberland Co., Pa.; then taught school in Kentucky and was living in "Wabash Co.; Ill." in 1835 when he applied fo a pension. Reuben Fox, the son of Daniel, probably married Hanna Williams about 1722 and soon settled in Cornwall, Litchfield County, Conn.

Allen Fox probably went to Cornwall with his brother Reuben, as he enlisted from Cornwall in 1776. Nov. 6, 1783 he married Chloe Crittenden. He died Sept. 17, 1831, at Kortright, Delaware Co., N. Y. His children were: Ansel, died Nov. 10. 1786, Amasa, Allen Jr., Lucas, Heman, Elias and a daughter Chloe, born July 25, 1803. As Sally Crittenden kept house for Daniel Fox for a number of years, Allen's wife was probably of her family.

Recollections.

by Mrs. Matthew D. Field.

When the name of Fox comes before my eyes, such remembrances of hospitality come too, but alas! they can only be feebly expressed.

I am sure that those who were privileged to be part of the family life at 18 East 31st Street will always remember the bright spirit who presided over that household—It was sometimes a very complicated one, with much coming and going, and many extra and unexpected guests, but there was always the loving, ardent welcome, the brightest smile and one always felt "at home" immediately. Can that be said of hostesses in these days? We think not, for times have changed and though hearts are loving there is less time for personal guidance.

What a fine place was that library on the second floor! There the family life was centered as patients took possession of the reception room during many hours—there all gathered for work, for play, for music, for teasing. What merry games, what clever charades in which even Dr. George Henry helped out, and Alanson "dressed up." It certainly was "informal" as one guest said. The dear lady of the house would be flitting about to adjust plans, to give suggestions, to soothe and sympathize if arguments grew too hot; And what plans did she herself arrange—always to help, and ever to serve. Over her door might well have been placed the motto "Remember the forgotten" for that seemed her specialty,—to gather in the lonely, the friendless in the great city - to make them feel at their ease in the best of family life - in fact my latest remembrance of calling at the 31st Street house was that the rooms were being arranged for a funeral service - a friend had died in an adjoining apartment house but no place was there for a funeral - so the friendship of many years took the form of opening doors for this last service.

The table in the dining room was always long - and usually extra places were set. Every one felt welcome, from the child who was coaxed to stay and was made to have the best time possible, to friend and friend's family who soon began to feel that they had been watched and waited for, so cordial the greeting! On Monday afternoons when Mrs. Fox and Adaline were at home, what a pleasant hour was given to those who gathered for tea! It is a fadeless memory - when the friends who met for the first time under that roof had an instinctive knowledge that they were always to be friends, not merely ships hailing each other in the night - and the joy of the radiant hostess who moved among her

guests with shining face because she had brought them together was good to see.

I do not speak of the Sunday School where the faithful teacher gave her best strength for so many years - seeing those little ones grow up and taking their turns, remembering her dear ways - I do not speak of the merry children's parties where all assembled, never conscious that they were entertained by "grown ups" who had "the child heart." One child felt that "angel cake" could never be had except in the Fox family. As I used to look on and hear of the love, the interest, and generosity so freely poured out upon all those fortunate enough to enter into that fine and simple and kindly family life, I could only say "happy are they who serve the happy," and to sigh for more of those loving spirits like the one to whom we all turned, and who must still be giving out from her own beauty and inwardness - Happily for us all the mantle of hospitality has fallen over new homes and new surroundings - although our feet no longer ascend those familar brown stone steps on 31st street, there are country homes where the loving welcomes wait like a direct inheritance from the past, and happy are those who know them.

Family News.

Uncle Robert and Uncle George recently attended the 50th reunion of their class at Rochester University.

Many readers will grieve to learn of the death of Mrs. Mary Kelly, who for many years had been a most faithful and loyal maid in Uncle George's family.

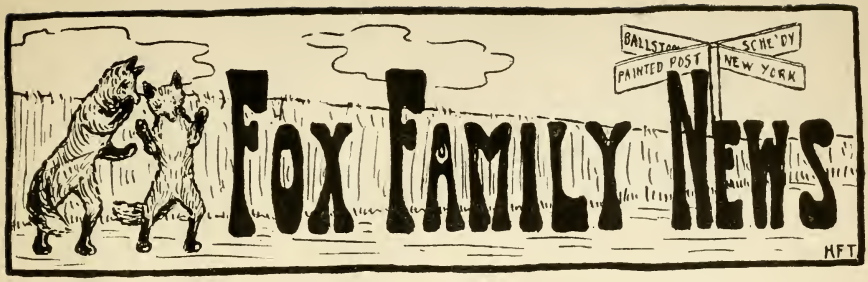
Several of the family have entered various training camps for officers. Noel is at Plattsburg, N. Y., Alanson at Madison Barracks, N. Y., and Edgar at Fort Myer, Va. Howard recently spent two months at Fort Slocum, N. Y. from which place he took two trips to Texas with troops. He is now at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. where he expects to remain for a period of three months in a training camp for medical officers.

Montague Howard, Senior and Junior

Norman writes as follows:—"Charles and I have joined the Michigan State Troops organized to take the place of the National Guard which is sworn into the Federal Service. We are liable for service within the state as long as the war lasts. No medical examination is required. All able bodied men are accepted Young men also with the consent of their parents. Charles and I both take the same size uniform. He outweighs me by several pounds."

Howard Freeman has applied for a commission in the Marine Corps. Edgar says that "Fort Myer is a cinch compared with Van Cortlandt or the border. Good beds, fine grub, no flies and lots of interesting things to learn. Dust seems to be the worst evil."

Last but not least Montague Howard has caught the war fever and is drilling industriously three evenings a week with the Columbia Battalon.



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A Coat-of-Arms.

By General Simeon M. Fox.

It seems to be the prevailing fashion among the ambitious compilers of family histories, yclept, genealogies, to decorate an early page with a variegated specimen of art, so vivid and startling in aspect that it would cause a Mexican bronco to throw a fit if he should ever happen to meet it in the road. This bedaubed emblem is serenely stated to be the arms of the Smith, Jones, or any other old family that the succeeding pages happen to discourse about; and the respective family line is vaguely traced back to Sir Hugo de Smith, or Rodger de Jones; and stories of blood-curdling assault or heroic defense are set out in words as startling in verbal coloring as the emblem itself. To complete the requirements of blue-blooded descent a distorted gargoyle is presented as the family crest, and the Latin dictum of "Noli me tangere", or a like high-sounding phrase is appended as the family motto—and an occasional anaemic Smith or Jones has it embossed on the family stationery, and royal descent—left handed—is hinted at with a serene complaisance, that is really refreshing. There is about one chance in a million that any American Smith or Jones, or other family came within forty miles of any right to use this resplendent decoration on the family letter-head, or emblazon it upon the side-boards of the domestic wheelbarrow.

To us at this later day it matters little whether some ancestor paid tribute to Neptune over the rail of the Mayflower, or landed on this side with the taint of the bilge-water of some other adventurous galleon clinging to his garments, we are just what we are—the most of us, just common. Husky blacksmiths; sedate college professors—with vague theories; lawyers—with or without briefs; doctors—that sometimes take our own medicine; wise men and fools—the average make-up of mankind.

But I started out to say something about a coat-of-arms. If some of you Foxes happen down Boston way, and after paying tribute to the Old South, Bunker Hill, et al, and then have a little time left, cross over to East Cambridge, and at the office of probate in the court-house, ask for the original will of Thomas Fox, bearing date of January 25, 1657-8. He was our first American ancestor. Appended to this document written in a rather neat hand is his name, "Thomas ffoxe". We know that he was a man of some education and did not have to make his mark in lieu of signature. Following his name upon the seal of red wax—well preserved through all the succeeding years—is a coat-of-arms, made doubtless with a seal ring. It is quite small and impossible to decipher with the naked eye, but enlarged by photography, and under a powerful glass it is a shield with chevron, and around the chevron the figures are reasonably identified as three bull's heads, caboched, or full-faced. The fact of this coat-of-arms is impressive, but there is a matter to consider before we can fully adopt it as a heritage. This coat-of-arms meets the description of the arms that the Reverand Peter Bulkeley, of Concord, Mass. was duly entitled to bear; and his son, the

Reverand Edward Bulkeley, signed the will, as a witness—and it is probable that he personally drew the will. Did he when accomplishing the will possibly make the impression with his own seal? When the coat-of-arms is duly in place after the signature of Thomas Fox, following the form, "I, the said Thomas Fox, have hereunto set my hand and seal—" a little thing like this maybe should not be permitted to stand in the way of aristocratic ancestry—but it does all the same. It is argued, that in those days of frugal living and plain dressing, a clergyman would not bear such an ungodly thing as a seal ring about his person; that if he had weakly yielded to the vanity of personal decoration, he would not for a moment think of stamping his own heraldic device on the seal of another man, even of gentle birth, etc. But the vagaries that beset mankind are so numerous and uncertain, that the doubt remains.

A few years ago I was in receipt of a letter from an old gentleman—himself a Fox descendant—pertaining to genealogical matters, he said:

"The Coat-of-Arms of the Foxes of my predecessors, 3 tauri noir on field of Gules, Fess, etc. * * * the College of Heraldry, London, England, has the records."

This gentleman did not know within five generations, of his descent from Thomas Fox of Concord; nor had he ever heard of the coat-of-arms on the seal on Thomas Foxe's will. From the tenor of his letter I judged that he had his information from the Herald's College, but I was never able to get a direct reply to my question after positive information. This convinced me that the three bulls found place on some certain Fox arms; and if so Thomas Fox was probably entitled to the coat-of-arms on the seal. The identification of the families entitled to these arms, would probably identify the family of Thomas Fox, and his actual identification would be a matter of not difficult solution.

A Semi-centennial Reunion.

The class of '67 held its first semi-centennial reunion during Commencement week at Rochester Present—MacArthur and Fox.

By virtue of an election to the class presidency during their first freshman term, after a conflict between rival fraternities and a close division of the neutrals, a political encounter which was fiercly fought and adjourned from Saturday to Saturday for many successive weeks, and one in which the whole College took a deep interest, and by virtue of the fact that no class election had ever been held or even wished for since that time, Fox took the chair and welcomed those present in a neat and appropriate speech. To this MacArthur replied in a graceful oration containing the choicest extracts from his sermons and lectures. These would certainly instruct and edify the humble reader could they be reproduced here, but unfortunately neither a reporter nor stenographer was present on this occasion.

Owing to the death of the original Secretary and various successors in office it was moved and carried that the roll-call be postponed until after a short recess during which the class adjourned to the office in Anderson Hall where it was informed by the polite and affable young lady in charge that there were but five surviving members viz, Burt, Fox, Harris, MacArthur and Sterrett. Coit, VanAlstyn and Whitbeck had died during the past year Owing to some doubt as to who was Treasurer and a certainty that there were no available funds in the treasury, it was moved and carried that the Treasurer's report be dispensed with and that inasmuch as the class was being delightfully entertained by the family of a former classmate (Eugene Satterlee) it would be wholly unnecessary to levy any assessment for the customary "spread."

After indulging in reminisences of those good old days undimmed in memory by

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the lapse of over fifty years and deploring the absence of those unable to be present, the motion to adjourn to a second semi-centennial was duly moved and carried.

G. H. F.

When Daddy was a Boy.

(A recent contribution from Beatrice Fox, eight year old daughter of Prof. Charles S. Fox.

I.

When Daddy was a little boy,
Long, long ago,
He had a little donkey
And his name was Joe.

II.

And one lovely sunny day
He rode up the mountain
And they were so awfully thirsty
That they went to a fountain.

III.

And when he had his picnic
He found a tin can
He tied it to his donkey
And then he ran.

IV.

And Daddy stood and looked aghast
And said, "just see him run,"
And then he laughed and laughed and laughed
And had more fun.

V.

And when he had to walk home
He was so awful mad
But his mother thought 'twas his head that hung
So she was glad.

VI.

But when he got home
Now what do you think he did
He gave poor Joe an awful kick
Wasn't he a bad kid ?

Army Notes.

Noel has been commissioned captain in the field artillery and is now at Camp Upton, Long Island, N. Y.

Alanson has received a commission as 1st Lieut. in the Aviation Section of the Signal Officers Reserve Corps and is stationed at Richmond, Va.

Howard is also at Camp Upton, where he has been ordered to take charge of a special service in the Base Hospital.

Stuart Freeman has come from California to enter the training camp at Fort Myer, Va.

Edgar Freeman has been commissioned 2nd Lieutenant in the field artillery.

Howard Freeman is now a 2nd Lieutenant in the Marine Corps. The *Plainfield Courier-News* of July 27th gives him the following puff under the caption in large type letters; "Crack Athlete Joins U S. Marines" it says, "Howard B. Freeman of 1008 South Avenue, is among nineteen young men in what is called the New York district to pass the examination for second lieutenancies in the U. S. Marine Corps. The candidates have been ordered to report for duty at Quantico, Va. The test was taken June 10th by 320 civilians, of whom 69 were successful. Freeman is well known here, having been prominent in athletics. During the early part of the summer he was a member of the First Baptist team in the City Baseball League, being the catcher. He is a graduate of Yale University, and while in college distinguished himself as a baseball player."

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Family News.

Bertha and little Norman recently visited the Glen Cove Foxes.

Adaline has been elected President of the Pittsfield Visiting Nurse Association.

Mason has traveled in thirty-eight states since the first of January.

Bert is now in New York and expects to bring his family east and make his permanent residence in Westfield, Conn.

Uncle George, Ethel and Alanson took an automobile trip from Glen Cove to Suffield and spent Sunday August 12th, with Aunt Elizabeth.

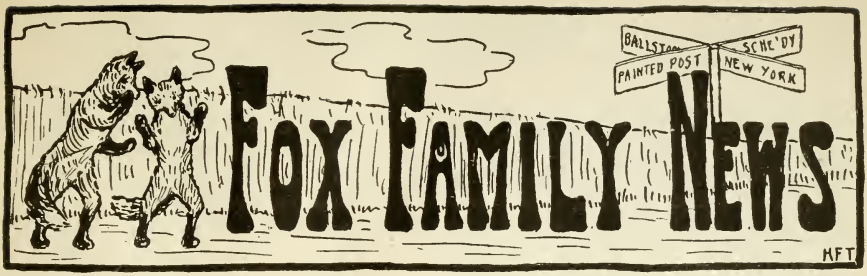
Helen and Mason have recently purchased a new home at 126 Cooper Avenue Upper Montclair, N. J. which they expect to ocupy about October 1st.

Miss Mildred Satterlee, daughter of Mrs. Eugene Satterlee of Pittsford was married to Captain Dwight Segar Wetmore, U. S. R on Tuesday August 21st.

We quote from a recent letter written by Charles to his Uncle George as follows:—"I have been reading some of father's war time letters. I will quote a sentence from a letter dated "Washington, Nov. 10, 1862." "Tell George to write to me. He wrote Charles a few lines in which he volunteered the pleasant advice to us to "die game." I thought over his advice. A very pleasant theme for meditation. I have no doubt it would be highly gratifying to the family pride to have us make our final exit in the manner so graphically described by George's phrase. Still we don't purpose on anything of the kind as yet. "Dying game" is a big thing for them "as wot likes it" but as for me, I can't see it. After all I like the service and after the war is over if we are alive, either Charlie or I are going into the regular army, perhaps both. I wrote Norman a few days ago informing him of some vacancies for Chaplains. I wish Norman would get a Chaplaincy. He could keep it when the war was over and so have a profession for life; that too with twice the salary that any congregation would pay."

George Henry Fox
Robert Stuart MacArthur

(From a photograph recently taken at the 50th Reunion of the Class of '69, University of Rochester.)



Vol. VI NOVEMBER 1, 1917 No. 6

Henry Brooks of Woburn, Mass.

by Gen. Simeon M. Fox.

Every descendant of the Foxes of New London, Connecticut, is personally interested in Henry Brooks, of Woburn, Massachusetts, as search has developed the fact that it was his daughter, Hannah Brooks, who on Dec. 13, 1647 became the second wife of Thomas Fox, of Concord, Massachusetts, and was the mother of the descendants of said Thomas Fox, who were first of the name in New London, Connecticut; Samuel Fox, the grandfather of Daniel Fox of East Haddam, being her great grandson. Henry (1) Brooks and Thomas (1) Brooks—shown by conclusive evidence to have been brothers—were first early at Mystic, Mass. and probably came in the fleet with Winthrop. Thomas Brooks soon appears as a proprietor at Watertown, but the whereabouts of Henry is not evinced until about 1639 when he was shown to have been an inhabitant of the new settlement of Concord. He was made freeman March 14 of that year. Not even the Christian name of the early wife of Henry (1) Brooks appears in the New England records. His first marriage was doubtless in England, and several of his oldest children were born before he came to this side of the water. In his will, dated July 18, 1682, he styles himself a "cloatheyer," and he evidently plied his trade as a tailor, or fuller, in the new colony. The following is a matter of mere speculation, but from the frequency of the use of the name "Sarah" by the second and later generations, it is a reasonable conjecture that the early wife of Henry Brooks bore that name.

Only heirs who were actually living when Henry Brooks made his will in 1682 received mention, but there were others who having died before the father, and who had already received their portions—as daughters at marrage—were not recognized when the will was made, which was as follows:

"In the name of God Amen.
I Henry Brooks of the Towne of woburne in the county of middlesex in the massachusetts Colony in New England, Cloatheyer: being by the Grace of God of sound understanding and perfect memory yet stricken in years and may expect every day my change the which may God fit me for: doe ordaine and make this writting my last will and testament, and first I Commit my soule to God father son and holly spirit; in hopes of a glorious Resarection and my body to the Earth expecting a decent buriall and by these presents I disanull all former wills by me made and when my just debts and funerall charges are satisfyed the rest of my estate boath reall and personall I give as followeth.

Itm I give and bequeath to Annes my loveing wife three pounds a yeare to be payed her by my executors during her naturall life the which three pounds by the yeare I have covenanted under my hand of day of marridge upon her renouncing any other dowery, and also my will is that shee have the use of the bead and furniture to it during her naturall life and then shee shall return

it to my executor.

Itim I give and bequeath to my son John Brooks that tenn pounds which hee oweth me for a yoake of oxen and one third part of my wearing apparill provided he medle not with my executors upon any pretence of debt due from mee I knowing there is none due; but he hath had his portion already.

Itim I give and bequeath to my son Timothy one third part of my warring apparrell and a confirmation of all that Land I gave him hee alsoe reseived his portion already.

Itim I give and bequeath to my Son in Law John Mousall that fivety pounds the which I have a bond for under my Son John Brooks hands which fivety pounds is for land and howsing I Sould unto my said son Brooks and my will is that his wife my daughter Sarah may have the disposing of twenty pounds of the said fivety in case she dye first.

Itim I give and bequeath to my Son Isack Brooks all my land one the East side of the highway leading to Charlestowne except eaight acres of medow which I give to his two Sons Isack and Henry and to bee mesured out by my overseers where they shall think it the most convenent also I give him halfe my herbidge and halfe my wood lots to be parted by my overseers and also I give him all my plow land lots except my great lot which I give to his daughter merriam all to him and his heirs forever.

Itim I give and bequeath to my daughter Lestor five shillings and noe more because shee hath resaived her potion already as will appear by a resaite under her hand.

Itime I give and bequeath to my two grand children Isacke and Henry Sons of my Son Isack all my lands one the west side of the highways leading to Charlestowne I mean all that land which Lyeth betwene my son John Brookes line, horne pond, horne pond river and the highwaye and also that pese of Land one the west side of the river next James Converseses land and Eaight acres of menod in the medow on the east sid the waye as aforsaid and also halfe my wood lots and halfe my herbidge all to them and their heirs foreever and a free passage for their catill to and from Common over the little playne to them and their heirs for ever.

Itim I give to my grand child meriam daughter of my Son Isack all my great lot to her and her heirs for ever.

Itim I give to my Reverant Pastors Mr. Thomas Carter and Mr. Jabez Foxe twenty shillings apece to bee payd by my Executors within a yeare after my desease.

and for the performance of this my will I doe apwint my Son Isack sole Executor and desire my trusty and beloved ffriend Lieut william Johnson to bee overseer to this my will and in token of my love I give him twenty shillings in Silver: the which I have payed already. moreover my will is that my Executors shall poses all the rest of my lands and esteat not disposed of by this will and farther my will is that my two grand children which I have given my land to shall not Allienat any of the land I have given them during their fathers life. Thus haveing by the helpe of God disposed of my temporall Esteate I desire the God of all grace and pease to rest upon the persons and famelys of all my children and grand children and wish they may live in pease and love one to another and that this my will may stand firme and good I the said Henry Brooks have sett to my hand and seale this eighteenth day of July sixteen hundred eaighty two.

Henry Brooks H his mark (Seal)

Signed and sealed in presents

FOX FAMILY NEWS

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of us

Jabez Fox
daniel baldwin
peter fowle.

Cambr. 20. 2. 1683.

Sworn by Daniel Baldwin and Peter ffowle
Before Major Genll Gookin
& Tho: Danforth R

Entered lib. 5, p. 373
20. 2. '83 By Thos: Danforth R."

To be continued.

Family News.

Howard Freeman's address is, Co. D., Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.

Adaline has adopted a charming little girl, ninteen months old. Her name is Jane.

Dr. S. J. Nilson, Howard's assistant recently married Miss Edith June Bonnell

Edgar cables from "somewhere in France," the word "safe," His address is 2nd Lt. Edgar W. Freeman, F. A., U. S. R. (unassigned) American Expeditionary Force.

Alanson's address is, 1st Lt. Alanson G. Fox, 114th Aero Squadron, Richmond, Va. He is acting as Adjutant of his organization.

The following changes in address have been made. Miss Marie Fox Wait, 158 Nassau St., Princeton, N. J.; Miss Gertrude MacArthur, 43 East 58th St., N. Y.; Prof. Charles S. Fox, 119 So. High St., Bethlehem, Pa. The Ivin's family 937 Hillside Ave., Plainfield, N. J.

Joseph Carrère Fox.

Bert's address is Westport, Conn. and not Westfield as was erroneously stated in the September number.

The editor has been promoted to be a Major, being the first of his generation to attain this rank. He is at present Adjutant of the Base Hospital, 77th. Division. His address is Base Hospital, Camp Upton, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fox Clappannounce the marriage of their daughter, Marion Louise to Mr. James Boies White, on Saturday, September 29th at Ballston, Spa.

Little Harriet Trowbridge asked her mother to sing (an impossibility) the song "Tis a bee." When questioned about this piece of music she answered "Why the song we sing in school, "My Country tis aBee."

Kenneth has recently made the following addresses: to the Pomona Grange, "Are we better farmers than our ancestors? If so how?" to the Connecticut Baptist State Convention, "Rural Foreign Work" and to the Springfield Biblical Club, "Luther's Contribution to the Progress of the Kingdom of God."

AMERICAN MUSIC FOR THE HYMN

"AMERICA"

by

Lieut. George Henry Fox.

My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of

thee I sing. Land where my fa-thers died, Land of the

Pilgrims' pride, From ev-ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring!

BUGLE CALL

INTERLUDE

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